GEORGE M. COHAN Froze in London, But in Paris--Ah!--He Managed to Thaw Out

By Charles Darnton.

"WHAT was the funniest thing you saw in London?" I asked.

"Americans," croaked "The Yankee Doodle Boy," who returned this week from a little run-around on "the other side."

I started to smile, but George M. Cohan raised a protesting hand and cocked a serious eye at me.

"Honest!" he declared. "They were the wild laughter to me, especially the Americans who were trying to be English—the kind that stuff handkerchiefs up their sleeves and accents down their throats. You've seen 'em, haven't you, around the hotels and bars and theatres? Well, they're all there still, and they play the handkerchief game from fog to gaslight. I never saw so many pockets out of work in all my life. The hotel Americans had more up their sleeves than the two Tims just before election. But the funniest thing about the game was that the handkerchiefs wouldn't stay up. They would slip down with every word, as though they wanted to smother the conversation. But the performers never got discouraged. They were willing handkerchief workers all right!"

George M. sighed into his cigarette case.

"Did you hear any of your music over there?" I asked, in an attempt to cheer him up.

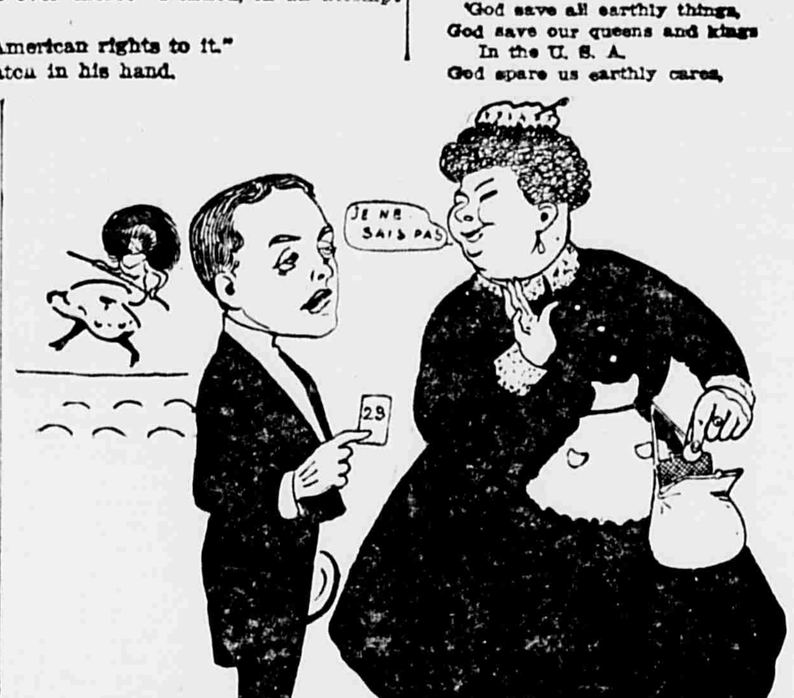
"Yes," he said. "And I got the American rights to it."

His short laugh blew out the match in his hand.

Such Is Fame!

"Seymour Hicks was using a lot of it with the reverse English. 'I have to go over to America occasionally,' he told me, 'to write my music.' He's an awfully honest composer, and I must say that I like the way he writes my music. Another fellow—the manager of the Duke of York's Theatre—paid me all kinds of compliments.

"'How do you do!' he exclaimed, grabbing my hand and dragging me into his office. 'I am delighted to meet you! It is a real pleasure. For years I have watched your career. I have followed your work step by step. I know everything you have done, and I am glad of the opportunity to congratulate you upon your extraordinary and richly deserved success.' I swelled up so much that I had to unbutton my coat. 'Yes,' he went on, 'your name is as familiar to me as the name of this theatre.' He talked me full of this kind of stuff, and when I got up to go he said: 'Your visit has been a real pleasure. So glad to have met you, Mr. Chappau.' Now, wasn't that an awful waste of words? Can you see the balloon coming down? When I hit the street I was so light that the fog seemed to weigh a pound to the square inch.



"WHERE IS MY SEAT?"

"I had a similar experience at the Savage Club. Two members insisted upon taking me there—they knew I'd feel perfectly at home, and they would get me a card so that I could drop in whenever I pleased. Well, I got flagged at the desk. A chap who seemed to have an awful lot of responsibility held us up in the office. My friends explained who I was. Then they explained some more. After a while they went into another room and had a heated argument. All this time I was standing there feeling like a tramp. Pretty soon they came out and told me not to worry—that it would be all right. I said I'd rather go, and apologized for causing so much trouble. 'That's all right, old chap,' said the boss of the job. 'We've sent for two of the directors, and they'll fix you in jolly good shape before you know it.' Well, I stood on one foot and then the other and waited. The directors came in and looked me over. Then they held a long consultation. Finally, the chap with the awful responsibility—the lookout, I guess he was—walked over to me and said: 'It's all arranged, sir. I will send your card to your dressing-room to-night.' 'My dressing-room!' I repeated. 'Yes, sir; we know you very well indeed. You are Mr. Joseph Coyne, are you not?' 'I am not,' I said, and with that I went on out on the embankment and gazed at the river. It looked just as I felt."

Americans in London.

"Has Coyne's success in 'The Merry Widow' changed him?" I inquired.

"Not a bit," said Cohan. "Joe Coyne's a riot over there, and of course he's tickled to death, but he's the same old Coyne. I'll tell you how much he's swelled on himself: He walks around in a sweater and doesn't seem to notice that people point him out on the street and in the cafes. He's one of the lucky American actors in London. You know as a rule they don't go daffy about Americans over there. They hand 'em the jolly stuff, and then they go over in a corner and talk 'em over by themselves. Nobody believes an American, and the Englishmen who come over here go back and lie about the country. They even run down our skyscrapers and say they aren't half as high as Americans say they are. But there are some good Englishmen, and a few of them used to get together with us at the Savoy every night and sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' while we whooped up 'God Save the King.' Then, for a change, we would all sing a little national hymn that I fixed up. It went like this:

'God save all earthly things,
God save our queens and kings
In the U. S. A.
God spare us earthly cares,
God save our Teddy bears,
God save our millionaires,
God save Broadway!'"

When the applause had died away the returned traveller resumed his narrative.

When the Lights Are Out.

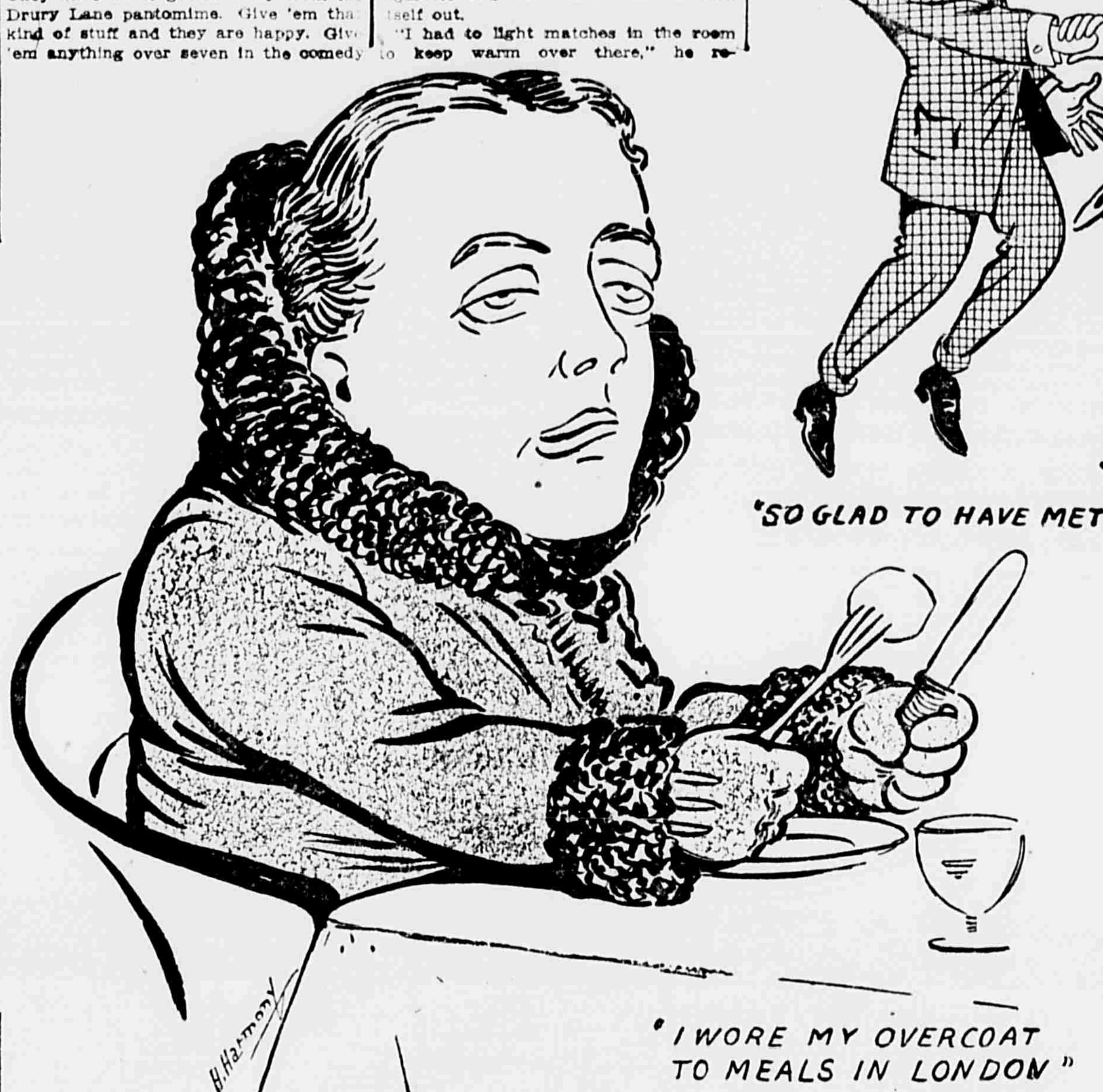
"I used to get awfully homesick after half-past twelve, when they turn the lights out on you in London. I'd go into a restaurant after the theatre to get a light lunch, and before I knew it I wouldn't even have the light. London is an awfully sad place after half-past twelve. If you strike a match you feel like a torchlight procession. After the theatre there is nothing but gloom. And very often you strike it at the theatre. Teddy Payne, George Huntley and George Grossmith were the only comedians that handed me a laugh. The average comedian depends on local gags and 'props,' and the moment he is left empty-handed he is gone. Every 'funny' show in London drags in the Druce coffin for the big laugh. Can you imagine making a joke of a coffin? But they do it, and they get away with it! The first American manager who gives London an American musical comedy built more or less along English lines is going to make an awful hit. What they want first of all is 'comedy' that they understand. They go to be amused, and what they most appreciate is childish humor. They have never gotten away from the Drury Lane pantomime. Give 'em that kind of stuff and they are happy. Give 'em anything over seven in the comedy line and they are as silent as the grave. It's eight times harder to get a legitimate laugh in London than it is here. But the time is ripe for a manager to take over about a dozen American chorus girls and wake up the musical comedy game. The English chorus girls are dead—their pans are cold."

(For a definition of "pan" look in the mirror—not in the dictionary.)

"Of course," vibrated Cohan, "the Americans in London help to pass a real joke along, and by the end of the season the English theatregoers may see it and go back to the show to laugh about it, if it is still there. This only goes to show how lonesome Americans are in London. When two Americans pass on the street they always turn round and smile at each other over their ears. "You can see 'em a mile and hear 'em coming. It's a glad, sad sight—poor chaps!"

He sought forgetfulness in a fresh cigarette and watched the match burn itself out.

"I had to light matches in the room to keep warm over there," he remarked. "I always wore my overcoat to meals in London. It was a fine shiver, and no mistake! I know now why they don't take ice in their drinks in England. If they did the nation would have a chill."


"I WORE MY OVERCOAT TO MEALS IN LONDON"

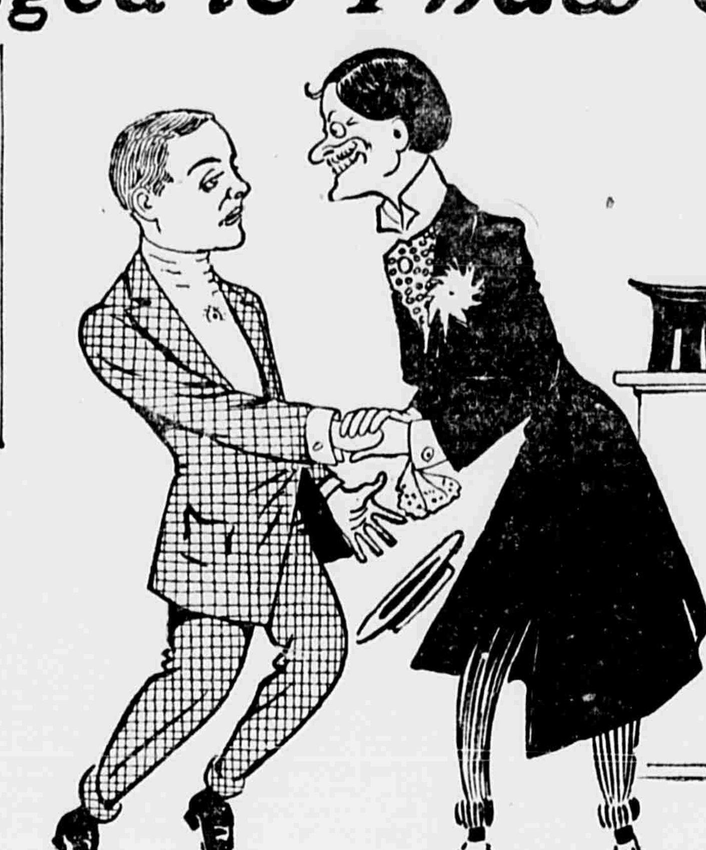
"Did you drink tea there?" I asked.

"I drank some tea because I couldn't drink the coffee, but I didn't do any of that 4 o'clock stuff. The Americans who take tea at 4 are so ashamed of it when they are caught in the act that they try to hide behind their cups. While they are drinking tea they tell their English friends about America. And the best they get in return is a spiel like this: 'We're home people, you know, and we like to stay at home. We're satisfied.' Of course they are, but I can't see why they should rave about it. I should think they would like to come over here occasionally just to get warm. I froze in London, but I managed to thaw out in Paris."

The Cohan countenance brightened at the recollection of Paris.

"That's the place!" he exclaimed. "Everything is a big joke with 'em in Paris. They declare themselves there. They love Americans. They don't pull any of that London stuff on you. I think all bad Americans go to London when they die, and that all good Americans land in Paris. I'd hate to face a London audience, but I'd like to dance in Paris. American dancing is all the go there. You can see an audience get joyful the moment the orchestra begins to tear off a little rag-time. Every time I went to a show there I wanted to leap on the stage and begin dancing. They could understand my dancing."

"Could they understand your French?"

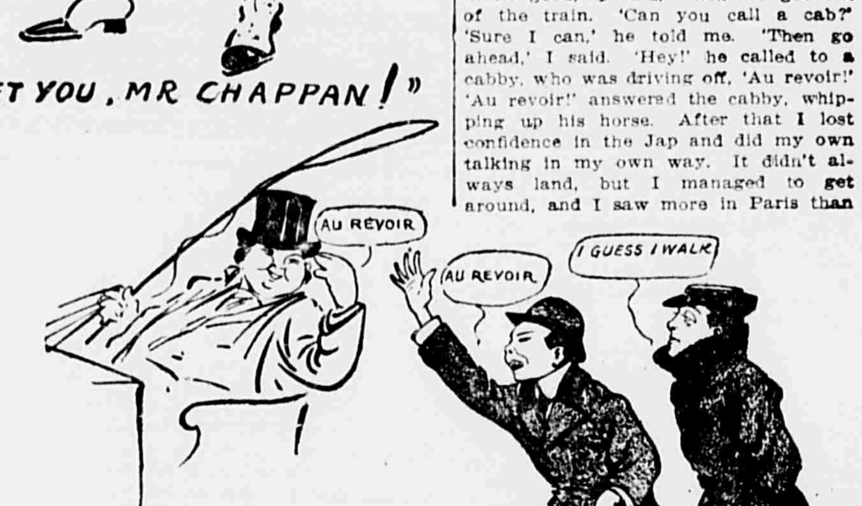

"SO GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU, MR CHAPPAN!"

George M. in Paris.

"Wait! I was in bad there. I went to a theatre all by myself one night, dressed up like a horse. That was my first break. In London, as you know, you can't go to a lunch counter without a dress suit. But the men don't dress in Paris. They go as they please. I was the only man in evening clothes on the night I'm telling you about, and that's what made it all the more painful. When I handed an old gal my seat check—they have girl ushers just like Hammerstein, you know—she took a look and said 'Deux.' I thought it was a 'touch,' so I gave the dame two francs. She gave me a couple of shrugs and walked off. I tackled two or three others with the same result, and finally went down to the second row in the orchestra and squeezed into the only vacant seat I could see. About ten minutes later an excitable Frenchman came down and raised a riot. I was dragged out and taken in charge by eight old lady ushers, who finally found my seat in the second row of the balcony. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life."

"Was it always like that?"

"Almost always. At first I trusted to my Jap, who 'conned' me into believing that he knew French. 'Now make good,' I said, when we got out of the train. 'Can you call a cab?' 'Sure I can,' he told me. 'Then go ahead,' I said. 'Hey!' he called to a cabby, who was driving off, 'Au revoir!' 'Au revoir!' answered the cabby, whipping up his horse. After that I lost confidence in the Jap and did my own talking in my own way. It didn't always land, but I managed to get around, and I saw more in Paris than I did in London. No, I didn't go to the Tower in London, or any of those back-number shows. I'd rather go through Siegel & Cooper's than through the Tower. I don't want to know what happened a few thousand years ago. I want to know what's going to happen next week."



Nip and Tuck.

"WHEN Brown came to this city ten years ago he didn't have a cent."

"Well, well. How did he make out?"

"Oh, he's still holding his own."—Harper's Weekly.

A Romance of New York.

THE NEW EAST LYNNE. By Clara Morris.

A Story of Love and Heart Break.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Keith, a clever, selfish young New York doctor, married Daphne Cuyler, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, eccentric old Prof. Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr. Olive secretly loves Philip. Daphne guesses this, and also knows that other women are trying to carry on love affairs with Philip. This knowledge makes Daphne miserable, as does the fact that Philip now seems to take her beauty for granted and to seek her society less than of old. Stanley Belden, a dissolute multi-millionaire, loves Daphne, but since her marriage has kept away from her. Daphne and Philip have two children —a three-year-old daughter, Daphne-May, and a baby son. Belden returns and invites Daphne for a drive behind his four-in-hand. She asks Philip to take her driving instead, but he refuses on the ground of a business engagement. As the coaching party are returning homeward through Central Park they meet Philip driving with Olive.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

Belden Returns.

DAPHNE saw but one thing, her husband's face. She heard but one thing, her husband's voice, saying, with a touch of sharpness, "I have no time to drive about with women—too many calls to make!" And yet here he was, full of gayety and laughter, loitering through the park with Olive Marr at his side. Yes, he had been told that the coaching-party was for the Long Island trip, hence this unexpected meeting with the "slave of science" and his young ward—for whose sake he could find time for driving in spite of his crowding professional calls.

Thinking of the petty treachery a cold contempt came upon her face. On arriving at the house, she murmured a few conventional words of courteous leave-taking. As Belden stood at her side, waiting for the opening of the door, he looked down with tormented eyes, and breathed:

"Your pleasure is dead—the day has been killed!"

A little fantastically she answered, "Then I may expect a train of mourning days to follow it. Poor, dead day! It would have been better not to have known it all!"

Belden, with a sort of choke in his voice, exclaimed: "Don't—don't!" Then lifted his hat, and saw her pass into the hallway.

As he drove away rage, swift, blinding as a black squall came down upon him. When he had first returned and found Daphne's beauty as he had predicted it, fully perfected, flawless, in her moving presence he had somewhat lost his head, and more than once he had betrayed too plainly the passion that possessed him. Yet it had always come to this: He had been reduced to humiliating silence by her cold, surprised disdain, or wounded to the soul by her blank indifference.

Then diplomacy came to his assistance, and he changed his tactics. Seeing the deadly monotony of her life he determined one day to remedy it if possible. He had seen her graciously ignore the neglect of her husband, and with a bound of the heart concluded she was utterly indifferent toward him, and here to-day, in the very moment when he was delighting in her pleasure, the pleasure he had found for her, she had given proof that she still loved her husband well enough to let him spoil all enjoyment of life for her, and a black, mad passion of jealousy rose up in him, a frenzy of longing enraged him, so that had he been alone, in his fury he might have dashed his head against the wall, after the manner of an enraged captive bull who sights his herd!

Yet at no moment of his rage and pain did there for one instant enter his mind the thought of abandoning the pursuit—his last love chase. He was not riding for a fall—but straightaway for life or death, win or lose! So long as Daphne was beautiful and he was alive he would strive to gain her, and the horses' delicate mouths felt his light hands suddenly grow heavy.

Daphne was in her simple home dinner dress when Olive Marr rushed upstairs to her, all effusive frankness. Beginning at once with the dreadful envious disappointment she had felt when Cousin Daphne had gone away in the seat of honor by the driver's side on that too heavenly coach! And how dear Cousin Philip had been so sorry for her, though he did make fun of her, too, and—and she must not blame Cousin Philip—he was not the least in fault. She had herself asked, and Philip must be forgiven, because—Daphne's even, colorless voice here halted her, saying:

"Olive, even your position in this house as a member of the family will not excuse your presumption in attempting to act as mediator between my husband and myself. It is very sweet and noble of you to try and save your somewhat distant and vaguely related 'Cousin Philip' from the consequences of some error known only to yourselves—quite good and noble, yet a trifle impertinent!"

Olive gasped, but once more broke out excusingly. "Really, you know Daphne, I—had quite forgotten what cousin Philip said to you about not having time to take you out, or I wouldn't have"—

"Pardon me, but I think you have read enough French to recall that 'She who excuses, accuses herself,'" and Daphne held the door of her room wide for Olive's exit.

The latter stood in the hall looking at that closed door a moment, then she sighed, and said: "Well, she is proud! If I had been in her place I'd have boxed the other girl's ears, and pulled her hair too—I know I should!"

Dr. Keith had attempted a half-laughing, half-confused explanation, saying he—er had received a wholly unexpected call, a hurried matter and"—

"Ah, yes!" tranquilly agreed Daphne. "I saw you were much hurried," and somehow the explanation got no further.

CHAPTER VII.

The Clash.

THERE are few things more provoking under certain circumstances than imperturbable good temper if it is displayed by a person with whom one has the right to be annoyed, and the somewhat extravagant good spirits shown by the Doctor at the next morning's breakfast created a sense of revolt in Daphne against such a flaunted indifference as to what pain or doubt or grief might be in her heart or brain.

In reality Philip Keith was simply following his usual custom of thrusting aside any small fret or annoyance that threatened his comfort. The breakfast well chosen by Daphne, well cooked by Clutterbuck, well served by Mattie, was not to be neglected because of his stupid faux pas of yesterday. To ignore the matter was his way. To hide her sick heart and wounded pride behind gentle dignity and sweet, cold words was his wife's way; and with the piercing old eyes of the professor, and the curious and prying eyes of Olive, ever watchfully upon them there was small chance of concealments being cast aside in favor of mutual understanding.

It was small Daphne-May's innocent chatter that lightened the growing constraint at table. She had been holding something in a tight clenched little fist, which she finally opened to reveal a damp pink feather, evidently from Scissors's rose-tinted breast.

"What does that say, great-dad?" she demanded, with authoritative manner and dancing eyes.

The Professor looked at it through his glasses. "Well," answered he, grimly, "to me it says two things. It says a moulting bird and a girl with a brush and dustpan."

"Oh!" sighed Daphne-May, "don't it say 'trufe?'"

"Look here!" snapped the old man, "you taught me that a big ostrich feather said truth—that's not an ostrich feather!"

"No—o," admitted the disappointed child, "but couldn't it mean a little 'trufe,' great-dad? A little pink 'trufe?'"

Dr. Keith burst into a laugh, and quick to distinguish between being laughed with or laughed at, Daphne-May's lips began to quiver distressfully, and the professor roared.

"Look here, Dr. Philip Keith, what the deuce are you laughing at? The child's thought is a good, an original thought. You are pretty well acquainted with the thing you call a white lie (all eyes but his own suddenly sought the table). You accept both the thing and the term 'white lie;' then why not 'pink truth?' A small matter, a truth colored slightly by partisanship or favor? Keep the feather, child," he concluded, "and by and by, dear, we will go the library and put it under the glass, and may be it will say 'truth,' after all."

The little girl sighed with pleasure, but the elder Daphne turned suddenly radiant eyes upon him, so full of heartfelt gratitude that a smarting came to his old eyes, and to himself he ejaculated, "Eh—eh! Now I wonder just what that means?"

In the past Daphne's people had been leaders and ornaments of the best social life in the old Southern city, but fortunes had shrunk and death had thinned the family ranks. Unable longer to keep open house and dispense an extravagant but beautiful hospitality they felt they could not endure obscurity in the city where they had been among those who rule, so they had chosen exile and had come North to pine miserably in private hotels or fashionable boarding-houses, where the people seemed bright and hard and sharp and hid all kindly feeling, all tender sentiment as if they were secret sins. People who measured everything by the dollar mark, who held a gift solely at its intrinsic value and gauged hospitality by its cost.

(To Be Continued.)

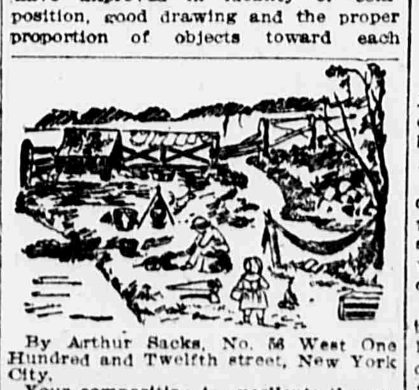
The Evening World's Art Club Grows and Does Fine Work.

My dear boys and girls of The Evening World's Art Club:

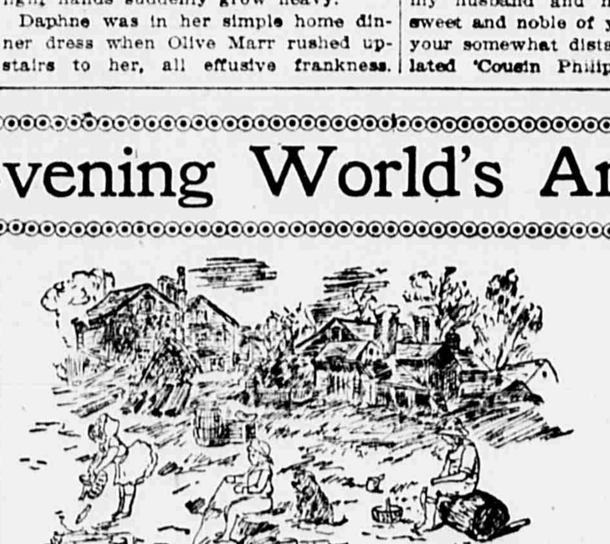
TO-DAY'S reproductions and the names of some of the clever members who have done commendable work with The Evening World's art cut-outs show how your work is appreciated and how proud you ought to be that your work and names with honorable mention are floating far and wide before the eyes of thousands and thousands of readers of The Evening World.

I am delighted to see how you all have improved in ideality or composition, good drawing and the proper proportion of objects toward each other, and I can readily see, as a prominent leader in local thought has said of it, what a great mental developer these Evening World art cut-outs are.

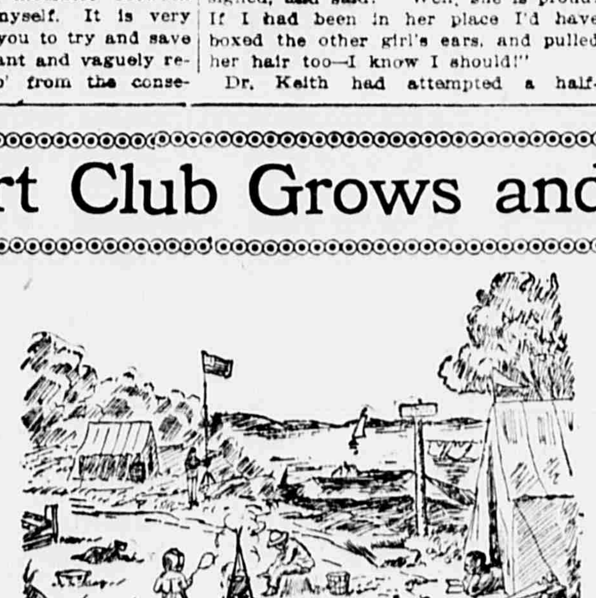
Watch out for next Tuesday's Evening World art cut-out. This will be a lively partial sketch for the pupils to complete and to awaken their minds to the necessity of expression in a picture to make it both interesting and entertaining.



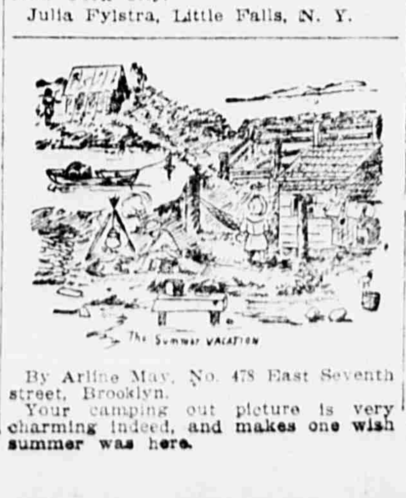
By Arthur Sacks, No. 56 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, New York City.
Your composition is excellent; the arrangement of figures is good, and your extra drawing and scenery are fine.



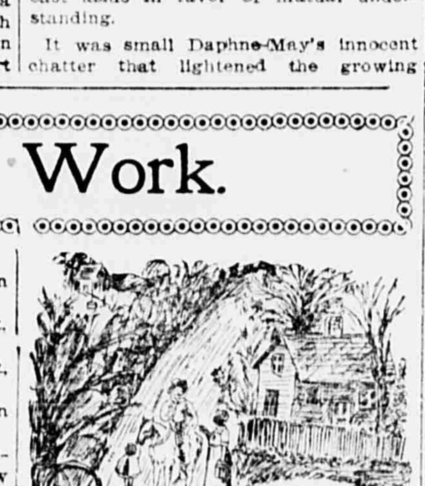
By David Mendoza, No. 236 East Eighty-second street, New York City. The artistic talent you possess is well demonstrated in your beautiful picture, "The Fishing Village."



By Master Victor Engel, Fort Lee, N. J. Your camping out scene is very interesting and well done. Your idea of perspective as shown in this pretty picture is fine.



By Arline May, No. 478 East Seventh street, Brooklyn.
Your camping out picture is very charming indeed, and makes one wish summer was here.



By Elmer Smith, No. 153 St. Paul's avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.
The Southern scene which you have composed is well named and prettily worked out. You show marked talent.

These members deserve honorable mention:

William Armstrong, No. 560 Graham avenue, Brooklyn.

Abraham Solotaroff, No. 1699 Washington avenue, Bronx.

Joseph Kenny, No. 30 Monmouth avenue, Freehold, N. J.

Stephen R. Powers, No. 214 East Eighty-ninth street, New York City.

Miss Claffey, No. 2406 Second avenue, New York City.

Loretta Eisenhauer, No. 236 Suydam street, Brooklyn.

Thomas Drennen, No. 220 East Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

Benny Clar, No. 745-747 East Sixth street, New York City.

William J. Byrne, No. 162 East Thirty-second street, New York City.

Maurice Friedman, No. 460 East One Hundred and Forty-first street, New York City.

Horace Vogel, No. 1486 Wilkins avenue, New York City.

Patrick O'Connor, No. 162 Huntington street, Brooklyn.

Minnie Smith, No. 9 Sanford street, Brooklyn.

William Funsch, No. 175 Hull street, Brooklyn.

Laura E. Demarest, No. 44 Van Rupen avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Annie Karisch, No. 961 East One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, New York City.

John Fox, No. 594 St. Ann's avenue, New York City.

Julia Fylstra, Little Falls, N. Y.

Leo P. Plein, No. 851 Tinton avenue, Bronx.

Beatrice Brady, No. 1236 Union avenue, Bronx.

Katherine Miller, East Two Hundred and Third street, Williamsbridge, N. Y.

Mary Hood, No. 333 Avenue E, Bayonne, N. J.

Stanton Duane, No. 101 West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, New York.

Ethel Barry, One Hundred and Seventy-ninth street and Westchester avenue, Bronx.